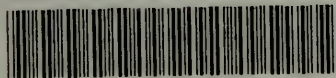


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The Big  
Stick

and the

Golf

Stick

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**"A Knock Ofttimes is a Boost"**

20th Century Adage

# The Big Stick

and the

# Golf Stick

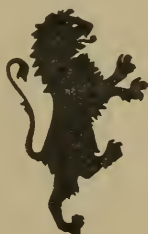
By

Harry Roy Sweny

1909

"O man ; thou feeble tenant of an hour,  
Debased by slavery or corrupt by power,  
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust."

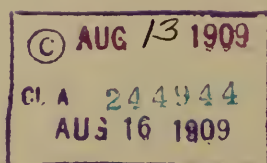
Lord Byron



From the Press of the J. B. Lyon Company  
at Albany, N. Y.

1909

Copyright by H. R. Sweny  
Albany, N. Y.





## An Apology

These bits of connected jingle are not offered with the idea  
that an admiring nation will erect to the author a  
monument for Byronic ability. An apology  
is offered to those into whose hands  
it may fall, who know real  
poesy when they  
see it.



## THE BIG STICK AND THE GOLF STICK

S AID the great "BIG STICK" as he stood in  
the hall,

Thickly covered with dust, and so sad withal,

"To prove will I try, in this monologue,

"That the puddle should limit the size of frog;

"When one's too big for the other," quoth he,

"Far better he leave both puddle and me.

"Time was when I rul'd o'er this big, round world,

"And that was the time when 'HIS NIBS' unfurl'd

"A standard that flaunted this strange device:

"'POLICIES—MY POLICIES,' at any price.

[ 'Twas

NOTE.—No attempt is here made to relate either in proper order or many in number of the extraordinary events that happened when the "BIG STICK" was King. Suffice it that "The King is dead—long live the King" (of good fellows).





“ ‘T WAS I bore forth the words he wrote,  
“I forced them down the people’s  
throat ;

“ ‘T was I who polled the largest vote ;

“ ‘T was I that blew the warning note

“That hushed the world — whilst from his throat

“Issued the word ‘DEE-LIGHTED.’ ”

[The







THE "BIG STICK" paus'd and gasp'd for  
breath,

Showed his teeth, said, "Not till death

"Hath closed my eyes and shut my mouth

"I'll cease these insults to the South.

"Let negroes with all white folks dine,

"I'm social law—I am DI-VINE."

[The





THE "BIG STICK" straightened up with pride,  
Swelled his chest, then off to ride.

He rode more miles in one short day

(To him it was but childish play)

Than all the grizzled chiefs of war

Who thought it such a beastly bore

[That







THAT “Monkeys” of them should be made,  
For war, not nonsense, they were paid.  
Fearing that they’d be back-number’d,  
Struggled on tho’ much encumbered  
With rolls of fat that shook as jelly;  
Like “Santa Cläus,” they’d too much belly.

[The





THE “BIG STICK” laughed, his heart was  
glad

With the thoughts of the good old times he’d had  
When he bullied and pounded “STANDARD OIL,”  
A product that grew on American soil.  
He fined them twenty-nine million cold,  
A fool of a thing—but the “STICK” had been told  
That he couldn’t do wrong—no more can a king,  
So he crowned himself one—what a wonderful thing;  
Then he said to the world, “I’m ‘DEE-LIGHTED.’”

[He





H E awoke to the fact kings do no wrong,  
And started a club, which didn't take long;  
An archery club where they draw the long bow,  
All members are Liars—the club rooms below.  
Many new ones each day it adds to the roll,  
They number a million, they do, 'pon m' soul;  
To be truly consistent and nary bit bias,  
They christen'd the club after old Ananias.

[Once



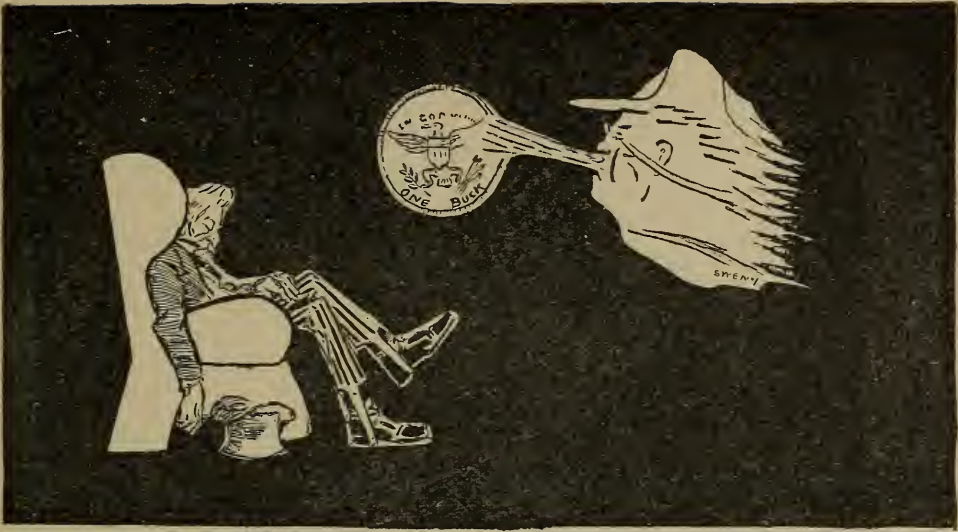
AN!



SOPH







ONCE out for a walk, just a skip thro' infinity,  
'Twas the caper he thought to thump once  
at divinity ;

Loudly calling for him who makes faces and bust,  
Said he "Off with it, quickly, that 'In God we trust.'"  
Then rose up the People through all this broad land,  
They roared and they threaten'd and took such a stand,  
That the pelf wanted greatly by him that doth lust  
Again bears the motto, that "IN GOD WE TRUST."

[I've



“I’VE heard,” said the “BIG STICK,” “they say  
I ‘BUTT IN,’

“That I travel on ice altogether too thin,

“It’s no one’s affair, as long as I win.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I made the Russe and the Japs quit their fight;

“Is there aught that I do that isn’t all right?

“All mothers I’ve told, and others, just how

“Wives should have child each year as does cow ;

“I’ve shown unto Wall Street how railroads should  
run,

“I’m jolly well heel’d, for I carry a gun

“To pot in the back all Spaniards who run.

[Hard





“**H**ARD have I tried a cannon to pocket,  
“Crafty, it went overhead like a rocket,  
“Whistling—‘Oh, Lord! Who—who will pre-  
serve us

“After we’ve lost the whole Secret Service.’

“I’ve hunted on desert — down in canebrake,

“High in the mountains, for naught but the sake

“To slay the dumb beasts that do little harm,

“Tribute they pay to my death-dealing arm.

[The



“THE press loudly hailed me a hellofa fellow,  
“Till a man with a fork discovered the  
yellow;

“Some thought I showed streak as long as an acre,

“When ‘liar’ I branded the blind nature fakir;

“And from his mouth I took bread and butter,

“Because with his lips he dared to utter

“He’d known and seen things I’d never heard of,

“Nothing I’ve skipped on earth or above.”

1  
2  
3  
4

[King



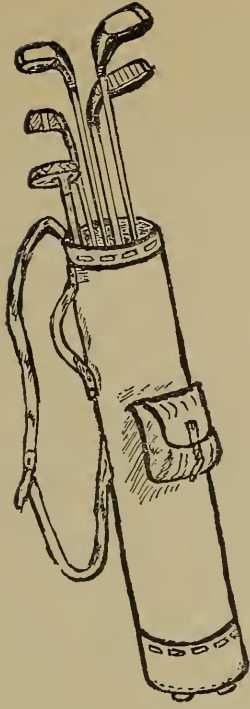
KING "BIG STICK" mumbl'd and grumbl'd  
this way,

In a quaint monologue from day unto day,  
Till it happen'd as happen it surely must  
To those who make habit of busting TRUST,  
For scientists tell, how the octopus  
With its arms and tentacles swallows us.  
It made little impress'n on the "BIG STICK,"  
Futile its efforts, his skin was too thick.  
But one day there strolled, down thro' the hall,  
A big, fat fellow, and jolly withal,

[And







AND under his arm in a brown leathern bag  
Was a bundle of sticks, that little lik'd brag.  
These he lustily toss'd in the corner where stood  
The windy old "STICK" that was nothing but wood;  
They bump'd and thump'd him so hard on the head  
That the knotty old "KING" fell over as dead.  
Not often dies King from big head and pride,  
As talking he liv'd, so talking he died.





KING "BIG STICK" mortuari loquiter :

“ , THIS pity, 'tis sad, that I must die,  
“ I that am so nobly fashion'd,  
“ Knotted and gnarled by gentle nature,  
“ And aye so fiercely that e'en the wicked tremble  
“ Lest I beat them to a Frazzle.  
“ And so I die in all this ignominy  
“ Of misspent life. But ere I go  
“ Let all the world hear my last word,  
“ And know—that I know—they are well  
“ DEE-LIGHTED.”





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### *Epic and Epictetus.*

There is a new voice in Albany. Another epic poet in the regions south of State street, which are little known to the mere inhabitants of the Capital city. From this obscurity a new Homer has shot forth his epic note. Having to hymn some one, moreover, he has selected the Governor to crown with his garland of verse. It is true that with unusual modesty our new poet has chosen to take refuge in parody and attempted to stifle native originality by arbitrary announcement. But although he calls his epic "Sir Charlie Hudibras," and although he makes brief reference to "the late Samuel Butler," *we find imitation ends at the cover and originality begins with the opening line.* — *New York Sun* editorial, April 21.

### *Clever Satirical Poem Has Appeared.*

Satirizes Governor Hughes and Others  
on the Race Track and Direct Nomi-  
nations Fights in a Parody on  
Butler's "Hudibras."

A satirical political poem, entitled "Sir Charlie Hudibras," a parody on the "Hudibras" of Samuel Butler, written in the seventeenth century, and one of the classics, generally attributed to Harry R. Sweny of this city, has just made its appearance and has attracted much attention. It satirizes Governor Hughes, Colonel Treadwell, and the Governor's secretary, Mr. Fuller, with the race track and direct nominations fights as the principal themes.—*Evening Journal*, April 21.

17 W











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